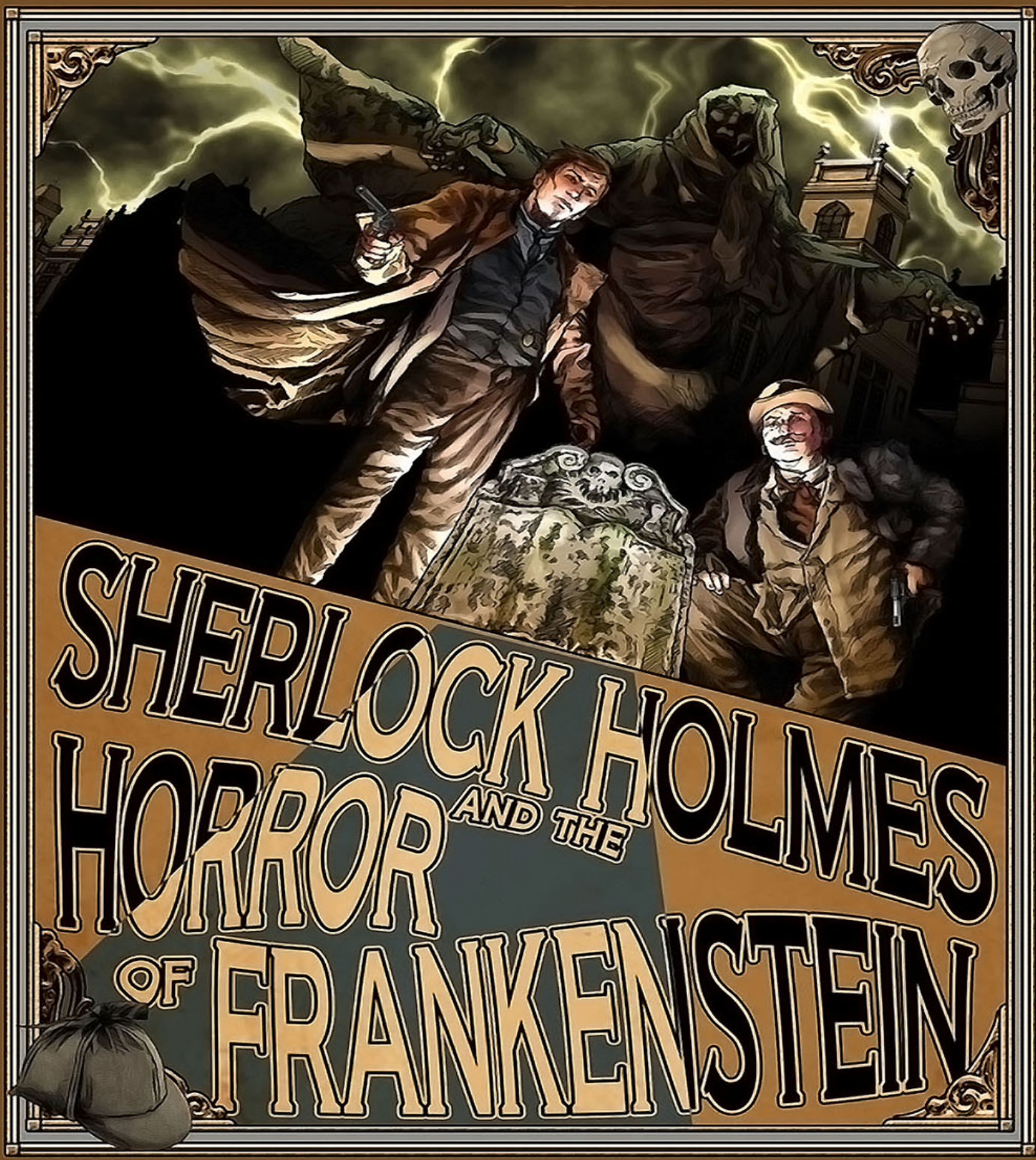
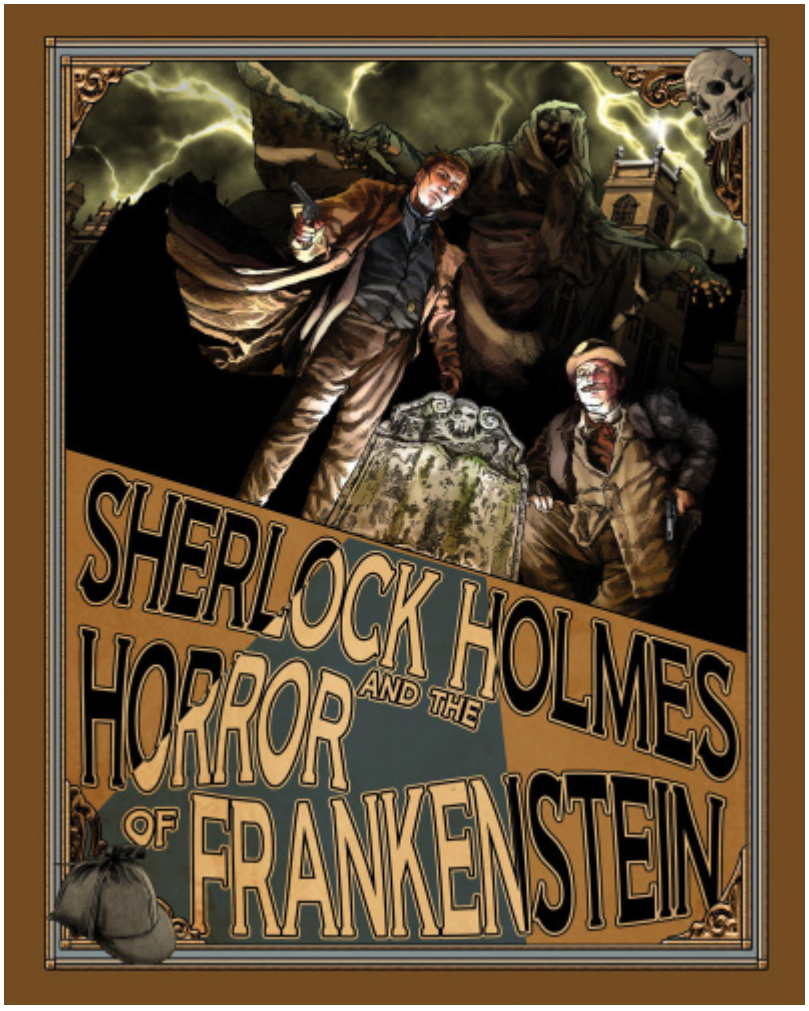
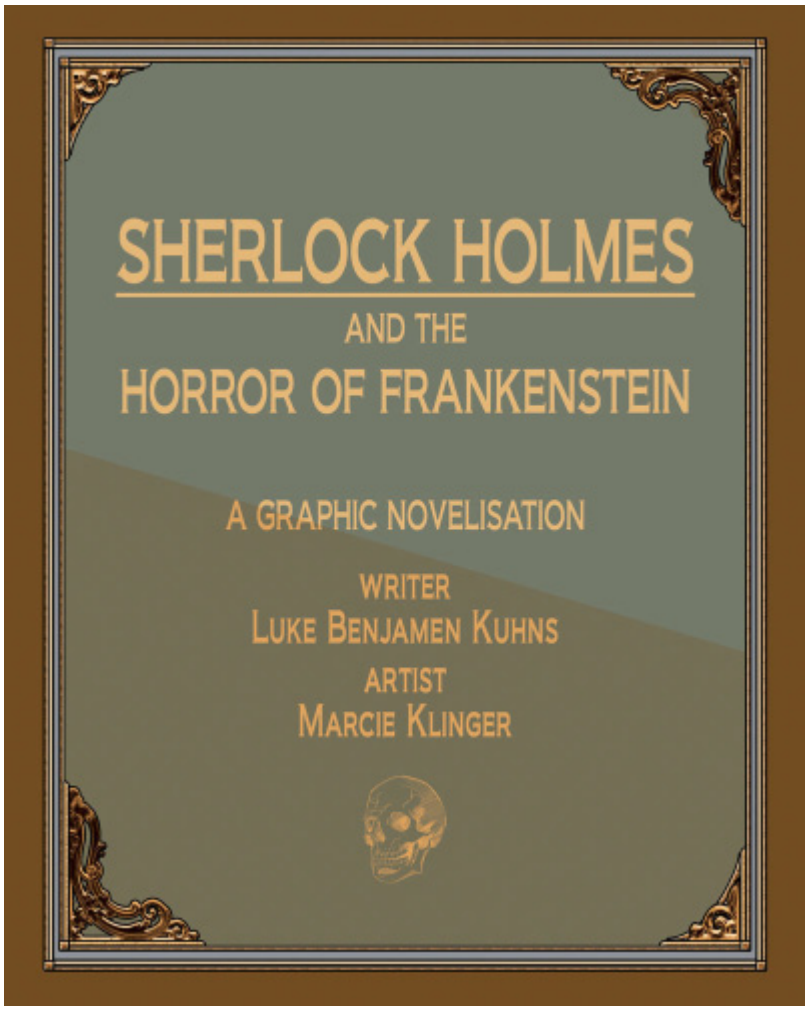

SHERLOCK HOLMES
AND THE
HORROR
OF FRANKENSTEIN


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Title page


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AND THE
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A GRAPHIC NOVELISATION
WRITER
LUKE BENJAMEN KUHNS
ARTIST
MARCIE KLINGER

Publisher information

First edition published in 2013

2014 digital version by Andrews UK Limited
www.andrewsuk.com

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Published in the UK by MX Publishing
335 Princess Part Manor, Royal Drive, London N11 3GX

WWW.MXPUBLISHING.COM

Cover by Marcie Klinger

Sherlock Holmes and the Horror of Frankenstein




LONDON
WEST INDIA DOCK
IT'S ALIVE!
GGGRRRAAAA
WHHHRRR!!


WEEKS LATER.
221B BAKER STREET
LONDON, NW
HOLMES, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I DISLIKE YOUR USE OF THAT SUBSTANCE!
I HAVE NOTHING TO ENGAGE MY MIND, WATSON. THERE IS NOTHING OF INTEREST OUT THERE. LONDON HAS BEEN UTTERLY STALE OF LATE.
COME NOW, HOLMES. YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF LETTERS FROM POTENTIAL CLIENTS! ARE REALLY NONE OF THEM WORTH ENGAGING?
TRIFLES. THEY ARE ALL TRIFLES.
WHAT ABOUT THESE GIRLS' SCHOOLS? I SEE THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER ONE.
WHAT CRIME IS THERE, WATSON? THE PEOPLE BEING ROBBED ARE DEAD. THEY CARE NOT FOR THEIR MISSING TRINKETS. THE MOST I'D BE DOING IS FINDING MORE INMATES FOR BEDLAM.
IT'S THE PRINCIPLE, HOLMES! LEAVE THE DEAD TO REST, NOT PILFER THEIR GRAVES FOR LITTLE TRINKETS!
DOES NOT EVERY ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION DO SUCH A THING, WATSON?
DIGGING AROUND IN ANCIENT TOMBS UNCOVERING LONG, BURIED, SECRETS.
I SEE NO DIFFERENCE IN THE TWO.


INSPECTOR BRADSTREET TO YOU SEE YOU, MR HOLMES
AH, INSPECTOR, DO COME IN.
THANK YOU, MRS HUDSON.
CARE FOR A DRINK, INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
MR HOLMES, I AM IN NEED OF YOUR IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE!
I NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME TO NUNHEAD CEMETERY. THE WATCHMEN WAS FOUND BRUTALLY MURDERED! HIS NECK STRANGLED AND HIS HEAD HIT.
WHAT ASSISTANCE CAN I BE?
ANOTHER GRAVE HAS BEEN ROBBED THERE, MR HOLMES.
WE BELIEVE WHOEVER IS BEHIND THE OTHER GRAVE ROBBERIES IS ALSO BEHIND THIS ONE, WHICH HAS NOW RESULTED IN THE MURDER.
INTERESTING.
I THOUGHT YOU FOUND IT ALL VERY BORING, HOLMES?
THAT WAS BEFORE THERE WAS A MURDER. COME, WATSON! GET YOUR COAT AND YOUR RUBBER BOOTS. WE'RE GOING TO NUNHEAD AND IT'S BOUND TO BE MUDDY!


NUNHEAD CEMETERY
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MR HOLMES? LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FORCEFULLY HIT THE MAN OVER THE HEAD AND THEN STRANGLED HIM.
THE MAN'S FACE LOOKS PETRIFIED!
YES, INDEED, WATSON.
HOWEVER, INSPECTOR, YOU'VE MISSED SOMETHING. THIS MAN WAS NOT HIT OVER THE HEAD. JUDGING BY THESE MARKS ON THE MAN'S NECK WHOEVER IT WAS, WAS LARGE. I CAN SEE ONLY ONE IMPRINT OF A HAND ...
... YES, A LARGE HAND THAT QUIET LITERALLY SQUEEZED THE LIFE OUT BEFORE THROWING THE BODY DOWN, UPON WHICH THE MAN'S HEAD WAS CRACKED OPEN UPON THIS TOMBSTONE.
HOW CAN YOU TELL THAT THAT IS THE WAY IN WHICH IT OCCURRED?!
HOW? IT IS SIMPLE.
YOU SEE, INSPECTOR? THE TOMBSTONE HAS BEEN BROKEN AND YOU CAN SEE ONLY SMALL BLOOD STAINS.
TWO THINGS: FOOTPRINTS AND THE LACK OF BLOOD. CLEARLY THE MAN'S HEART HAD STOPPED BEFORE THE BLOW TO THE HEAD OR THERE'D BE MORE BLOOD! FURTHER, PUT YOURSELF IN THIS MAN'S SHOES. IF SOMETHING HORRIFICALLY LARGE WAS TRYING TO KILL YOU AND IT TOSSED YOU AWAY WHILE YOU WERE STILL SOBER SURELY YOU'D RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.


IF YOU LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH, AND THROUGH THE MESS YOUR BOYS ALREADY MADE, YOU CAN SEE THIS MAN'S FOOTPRINTS. HIS STRIDE WAS AVERAGE. HE STOPPED HERE WHERE SOMETHING TOOK HIM BY THE NECK, STRANGLED HIM, AND TOSSED HIM. NOW, IF SOMETHING HAD JUST TOSSED HIM, THAT WOUND ON HIS HEAD, THOUGH PAINFUL WOULD NOT KNOCK HIM UNCONSCIOUS. SO IT IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY HE WAS PUSHED THEN STRANGLED
MAYBE IT WAS A GANG?
COME NOW, GIVEN THE THAT THERE ARE NO OTHER PRINTS HERE BESIDE THE ONES MADE BY YOUR MEN AND THE DEADMAN WE CAN RULE OUT A GANG.
IN FACT I PUT OUR KILLER AT ABOUT EIGHT FEET TALL WITH ENORMOUS HANDS AND FEET.
HOW ON EARTH CAN YOU SAY THAT, HOLMES!
WE HAVE THEIR FOOTPRINT.
BY JOVE! HOW DID YOU SEE THAT?
I SAW IT BECAUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR IT.
AND I ALSO SUPPOSE THAT WHOEVER THEY WERE TOOK THE BODY FROM THIS CRYPT, IS THAT CORRECT?
INDEED, IT IS. A YOUNG GIRL, JUST PUT IN YESTERDAY.
YESTERDAY, YOU SAY? THAT IS CURIOUS.
SO WHERE DO WE START? WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME GIANT MAN ROAMING GRAVEYARDS AT NIGHT. SURELY HE CAN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND.
INDEED, WE ARE! LET US RETURN TO BAKER STREET. I NEED TO GATHER MORE DATA!


MAGNIFICENT!!
WHAT IN BLAZES, HOLMES! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
INDEED IT IS, OLD BOY. I HAVE MADE A DISCOVERY!
THERE IS SOMETHING UNIQUE ABOUT EACH GRAVE ROBBERY, WATSON. YOU WERE FOLLOWING THE STORY IN THE PAPERS. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S UNIQUE QUALITY IS?
OTHER THAN BEING MORBIDLY GROTESQUE, I CANNOT SAY.
WOMEN!
EACH GRAVE ROBBED BELONGED TO A WOMAN. HERE LOOK AT THIS!


SEE HERE, WATSON, THE GRAVES IN WHITECHAPEL, SAINT PANCRAS OLD CHURCH, TOWER HAMLETS, AND NOW NUNHEAD. EACH BELONGED TO A WOMAN BUT NOT JUST ANY WOMAN, ONE OF NOBLE AND WEALTHY BACKGROUND!
FOR WHAT REASON WOULD THESE GRAVES BE ROBBED? FOR BURIED RICHES?
THAT CROSSED MY MIND BUT THEN I FOUND SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!
ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL REPORTS THE ONLY THINGS STOLEN WERE THE BODIES AND EVERYTHING ELSE WAS LEFT BEHIND EVEN THE CLOTHES WERE LEFT BEHIND
TOWER HAMLETS CEMETERY ROBBED!
THE DAILY LONDON
OH YES, OF COURSE. I FOUND THAT MOST DISTURBING NOW THAT I RECALL. WHY TAKE THE BODIES AND LEAVE THE RICHES BEHIND? JUST DISGUSTING!
THERE IS A PATTERN TO THESE ROBBERIES, WATSON. SEEMS I WAS MISTAKEN TO IGNORE THE STORIES
I DID TELL YOU, HOLMES!
NEVER MIND THAT NOW. THE PATTERN THAT I'VE DISCOVERED IS THIS.
WITH EACH ROBBERY THE BODIES BECOME MORE FRESH. THE FIRST FEW WERE WOMEN DEAD AT LEAST A DECADE. BUT THE LAST TWO WERE BOTH WOMEN THAT WERE IN THEIR GRAVES A DAY, TWO AT MOST. BUT BEYOND THAT EACH GRAVE BELONGED TO A WOMAN OF NOBILITY AND WEALTH.
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THAT IS WHAT WE MUST FIND OUT!
THEN WHAT IS OUR NEXT MOVE?
BY A STROKE OF LUCK, A YOUNG WOMAN, NAMED ISABELLE HAWTHORN, IS TO BE BURIED IN WEST HAM CEMETERY TOMORROW. SHE IS OF NOBLE LINEAGE AND COMES FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY.
HARDLY A STROKE OF LUCK, HOLMES!
I DO RECALL THE NAME.
SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF LORD HAWTHORN. TRAGIC REALLY. THE POOR GIRL DIED OF CONSUMPTION IT SEEMS. BUT WHAT IS THE PLAN?
NEVERTHELESS, WATSON, SHE MAKES THE IDEAL TARGET IF THESE ROBBERS ARE LOOKING FOR BODIES WITH THE LEAST AMOUNT OF DECAY. SO YOU AND I MUST STAKE OUT IN THE GRAVEYARD TOMORROW NIGHT! IT'S BOUND TO BE COLD AND WET, SO DRESS WARMLY!


WEST HAM CEMETERY
IT'S BEEN HOURS, I'M NOT SO SURE WE'LL SEE ANY ACTIVITY TONIGHT, HOLMES.
STEADY, WATSON. THE NIGHT IS FAR FROM OVER. BESIDES WE'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE WHATEVER COMES OUR WAY.
IT'S NOT SO MUCH THEM THAT WORRIES ME. I'M NOT KEEN ON SPENDING MY NIGHTS IN GRAVEYARDS.
SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, WATSON. THE DEAD WON'T BE POURING FROM THEIR GRAVES TONIGHT.
CRACK
SOMEONE'S HERE!
GREAT SCOT! WHAT ON HEAVEN OR EARTH IS THAT?
THAT'S CURIOUS!


IT CAN'T BE ...
YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?
NO, NO. I'M ... NOT SURE.
GET YOUR REVOLVER!!
STOP RIGHT THERE!
THE GAME IS UP!
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
CHUCKLES
TURN AND SHOW US YOUR FACE.


GROWL
GASP!
MY LORD!

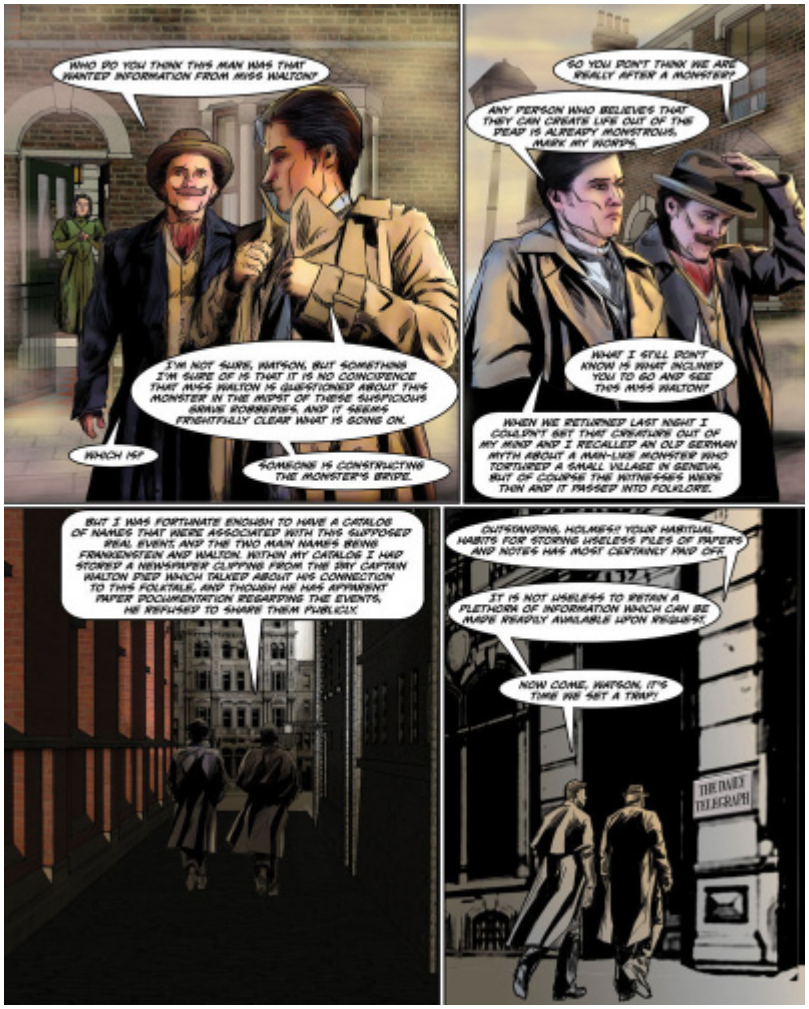

NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO SHOOT, HARRISON!
I COULDN'T FIND MY GUN, SO I LIT THE LANTERN AND THREW IT.
I'M GLAD THAT YOU DID!
HOLMES, WHAT WAS THAT THING?
A MONSTER...


GET READY, WE'RE LEAVING IN FIVE MINUTES!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?!
CHOP! CHOP!
WHY STOP YOU DRAG ME OUT OF BED, HOLMES!
WE NEED TO SPEAK WITH A MISS VICTORIA WALTON.
SOMEONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO SHED LIGHT ON THE HORRIFIC EVENTS OF LAST NIGHT.
VICTORIA WALTON? WHO IS SHE?
MAY I HELP YOU?
I BELIEVE YOU CAN. I AM SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THIS IS DOCTOR JOHN WATSON. WE NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU REGARDING A MOST SENSITIVE TOPIC WHICH IS CONNECTED TO YOU GRANDFATHER, CAPTAIN ROBERT WALTON.
OH DEAR! WHAT IS IT ABOUT?
FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.
MISS WALTON, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER?
NO ONE HAS MENTIONED THAT NAME IN DECADES.
WHAT OR WHO IS FRANKENSTEIN?
IT IS ALL LEGEND NOWADAYS, WATSON.
HOWEVER, I REMEMBER READING ONCE THAT MISS WALTON'S GRANDFATHER POSSESSED PAPERS WHICH DOCUMENTED A SO-CALLED MONSTER ATTACK IN GENEVA BACK IN 1818. BUT HE NEVER DISCLOSED THEM.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?
ELEMENTARY. YOU ARE THE ONLY DIRECT DESCENDENT.
IF THE EVENTS WERE TRUE AND SO TERRIBLY TERRIFYING HE'D KEEP THE PAPERS LOCKED AWAY AND PASS THEM ON TO HIS NEXT OF KIN. WHICH IS YOU.
AND WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
BECAUSE I BELIEVE THE MONSTER IS IN LONDON!


THE PAPERS ARE LOCKED AWAY IN A BANK VAULT, BUT I KNOW THE TALE.
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MONSTERS? HOLMES, WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
MISS WALTON WILL TELL US.
IT STARTED IN 1818
MY GRANDFATHER PICKED UP A MAN WHILE HE WAS SAILING IN TO THE ARCTIC. THIS MAN WAS VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.
WHEN THEY PULLED HIM ON BOARD, HE WAS RANTING ABOUT HIS QUEST TO FIND SOME GIANT MONSTER.
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN TOLD MY GRANDFATHER THAT HE WAS A SCIENTIST AND THAT HE HAD THE IDEA TO TRY TO CREATE LIFE!
NOT THROUGH CONCEPTION BUT THROUGH SCIENTIFIC MEANS.
SO HE STOLE FROM GRAVES AND ASSEMBLED BODY PARTS TO CREATE HIS CREATURE. FRANKENSTEIN THIRSTED FOR THE POWER OF GOD!
USING ADVANCED SCIENCES FRANKENSTEIN SUCCEEDED!
BUT WHEN HE HAD DONE SO HE WAS HORRIFIED WITH THE ABOMINATION WHICH HE HAD CREATED.
HE KNEW HE HAD NO RIGHT TO PLAY GOD!
FRANKENSTEIN WAS SO OVER COME BY THIS HORRIFIC EXPERIMENT THAT HE FLED INTO THE MOUNTAINS. IT WAS THERE THAT THE CREATURE FOUND HIM. THE CREATURE, HAVING DEVELOPED ITS COGNITIVE ABILITIES, PLEADED FOR A CHANCE TO SHARE HIS OWN TALE.


THE CREATURE KNEW THAT HE'D ALWAYS BE AN OUTCAST UNLESS FRANKENSTEIN MADE FOR HIM A MATE, SO A DEAL WAS MADE.
VICTOR AGREED BUT BY THIS TIME HE WAS LONGING TO BE WITH HIS LOVE, ELIZABETH, AND BE BETROTHED TO HER.
VICTOR, FEARING THAT THESE CREATURES MAY BREED AND CREATE AN ABOMINATION RACE, CRASED HIS WORK AND DESTROYED THE SECOND CREATURE AND WENT TO BE WITH HIS ELIZABETH.
THE CREATURE, OVER COME WITH PAIN AND ANGRY THAT HIS OWN CREATOR HAD ABANDONED HIM, SOUGHT REVENGE.
VICTOR SOON MARRIED ELIZABETH AND MADE PREPARATION TO FLEE INCASE THE MONSTER RETURNED, BUT THE MONSTER DIDN'T COME AFTER HIM, IT FOUND AND KILLED HIS WIFE.
VICTOR, KNOWING THAT THE MONSTER WAS BEHIND THE MURDER VOWED THAT HE'D HUNT THIS CREATURE DOWN...
...BUT IT WAS TO NO AVAIL. THE MONSTER FOUND VICTOR FIRST AND KILLED HIM.


IT WASN'T UNTIL MY OWN GRANDFATHER SAW THIS CREATURE THAT HE TRULY BELIEVED IN THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN! HE SAID THE CREATURE WASN'T SATISFIED IN WAKE OF HIS CREATOR'S DEATH
MY GRANDFATHER LET THE MONSTER GO BECAUSE HE KNEW THE ONLY THING OUT THERE FOR IT WAS DEATH.
ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT WE ARE HUNTING A ZOMBIE?
NO, WATSON. NOT A ZOMBIE. WE'RE HUNTING A MAD SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.
MR HOLMES, YOU AREN'T THE ONLY PERSON TO SEEK OUT INFORMATION ABOUT THIS CREATURE. SOME MONTHS AGO AN OLDER MAN APPROACHED ME ASKING FOR INFORMATION. HE WAS VILE AND HAD A CRAZED LOOK IN HIS EYE, SO I REFUSED TO SPEAK AND FLED FROM HIM
WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
HE WAS TALL AND THIN WITH WILD WHITE HAIR, BEADY EYES, AND POINTY NOSE. HE WAS TERRIBLY FORCEFUL AND DEMANDING
AND YOU DIDN'T GET A NAME?
I DID NOT, NO. I'M SORRY.
THANK YOU MISS WALTON. YOU HAVE BEEN MOST INFORMATIVE. IF YOU WILL EXCUSE US WE MUST BE OFF NOW.
BE CAREFUL, MR HOLMES. THERE WAS NOT A TIME WHERE MY GRANDFATHER WASN'T LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER WORRIED THAT ONE DAY THE MONSTER MIGHT RETURN. DEATH IS ITS ONLY FAITH.


WHO DO YOU THINK THIS MAN WAS THAT WANTED INFORMATION FROM MISS WALTON?
I'M NOT SURE, WATSON, BUT SOMETHING I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT MISS WALTON IS QUESTIONED ABOUT THIS MONSTER IN THE MIDST OF THESE SUSPICIOUS GRAVE ROBBERIES, AND IT SEEMS FRIGHTFULLY CLEAR WHAT IS GOING ON.
WHICH IS?
SOMEONE IS CONSTRUCTING THE MONSTER'S BRIDE.
SO YOU DON'T THINK WE ARE REALLY AFTER A MONSTER?
ANY PERSON WHO BELIEVES THAT THEY CAN CREATE LIFE OUT OF THE DEAD IS ALREADY MONSTROUS, MARK MY WORDS.
WHAT I STILL DON'T KNOW IS WHAT INCLINED YOU TO GO AND SEE THIS MISS WALTON?
WHEN WE RETURNED LAST NIGHT I COULDN'T GET THAT CREATURE OUT OF MY MIND AND I RECALLED AN OLD GERMAN MYTH ABOUT A MAN-LIKE MONSTER WHO TORTURED A SMALL VILLAGE IN GENEVA, BUT OF COURSE THE WITNESSES WERE THIN AND IT PASSED INTO FOLKLORE.
BUT I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE A CATALOG OF NAMES THAT WERE ASSOCIATED WITH THIS SUPPOSED REAL EVENT, AND THE TWO MAIN NAMES BEING FRANKENSTEIN AND WALTON. WITHIN MY CATALOG I HAD STORED A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM THE SHY CAPTAIN WALTON SHIP WHICH TALKED ABOUT HIS CONNECTION TO THIS FOLKTALE, AND THOUGH HE HAS APPARENT PAPER DOCUMENTATION REGARDING THE EVENTS, HE REFUSED TO SHARE THEM PUBLICLY.
OUTSTANDING, HOLMES! YOUR HABITUAL HABITS FOR STORING USELESS FILES OF PAPERS AND NOTES HAS MOST CERTAINLY PAID OFF.
IT IS NOT USELESS TO RETAIN A PLETHORA OF INFORMATION WHICH CAN BE MADE READILY AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST.
NOW COME, WATSON, IT'S TIME WE GET A TIMP!
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH


BART'S HOSPITAL
DO YOU THINK THIS WILL WORK?
THIS IS LIKE CHEESE TO A MOUSE, WATSON. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST. THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR THE BEST IN FEMALE SPECIMEN SO WE ARE GIVING THEM ONE. BESIDES WE FOILED THEIR LAST ATTEMPT WHEN YOU TRIED TO IGNITE THE CREATE WITH THE LANTERN.
QUITE RIGHT, HOLMES.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY'LL READ THE ARTICLE THAT WE POSTED IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH?
BECAUSE THEY SCOUR FOR INFORMATION ABOUT RECENT DEATHS. HOW ELSE WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT THE GRAVES WHICH THEY WERE ROBBING? THEY ARE PLANNERS, WATSON. THEY DON'T SIMPLY STUMBLE UPON SOMETHING THEY WANT.
COME, WATSON, LET US HIDE!
IT WILL BE ANOTHER LONG NIGHT.


YOU WILL NOT FOIL MY PLANS AGAIN!


I'M NOT SURE WE'VE BEEN INTRODUCED
NOR SHALL WE.
CREATURE! TAKE THE GIRL AND GO.
YES.
NOW, I WISH YOU BOTH NO HARM. I SIMPLY ASK THAT YOU LEAVE ME BE.
UNFORTUNATELY, I CANNOT DO THAT. YOUR MONSTER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE WATCHMEN AT NORNEAR.
WELL, THEN YOU CAN HAVE HIM SOON ENOUGH. BUT NOT TONIGHT.
HURRY!
HOLMES, WE MUST HURRY! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!
WATSON!?!?


LOOKS LIKE I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.
I'M JUST GRATEFUL THAT YOU ARE ALIVE. WE ARE DEALING WITH SOMETHING ENTIRELY UNBELIEVABLE, SOMETHING BEYOND RATIONAL SCIENCE AND SANITY.
YOU ARE CORRECT, HOLMES. BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THEY GOT AWAY AND THEY TOOK THE BODY.
HE WON'T GET FAR. I KNOW WHO HE IS.
YOU DO?!?
OF COURSE. IF YOU OBSERVED HE WORE A RING WHICH BORE A FAMILY CREST BELONGING TO THE FAMILY OF PRETORIS.
THOUGH THAT FAMILY IS ALL BUT GONE ITS PREDECESSORS CARRY THE MANTEL, THE FAMILY IS NOW KNOWN AS PRETORIUS.
WELL DONE, HOLMES. THANK GOD FOR YOUR QUICK EYES!
JUST INFORMATION RECALLED FROM ALL MY USELESS FILES OF PAPERS, OLD BOY.
I STAND CORRECTED, AGAIN, HOLMES. THEY ARE FAR FROM USELESS.
WHAT IS OUR NEXT MOVE?
THE PRETORIUS FAMILY HAVE A CASTLE OUTSIDE THE CITY. WE SHALL GO THERE TONIGHT, BUT NOT WITHOUT SPEAKING TO INSPECTOR BRADSTREET. IT'S TIME WE LET HIM IN ON WHAT WE KNOW.


SCOTLAND YARD
POLICE STATION
HOLMES, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! MONSTERS AND MAD SCIENTISTS, JUST PIECES OF FICTION. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE FOUND FAIRIES IN THE CELLAR OF BAKER STREET TOO?
IT IS NO PIECE OF FICTION, INSPECTOR! WE'VE SEEN THE CREATURE. IT'S MOST CERTAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE WATCHMEN.
POPPY-COCK! IT WAS SIMPLY SOMEONE DRESSED UP IN SOME KIND OF PERFORMANCE COSTUME.
EITHER WAY INSPECTOR, PRETORIUS AND HIS ASSOCIATE ARE THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROBBERIES AND THE MURDER. I BELIEVE THEY ARE PLANNING SOMETHING FIENDISH AND WE MUST STOP THEM.
WELL, YOU SAY THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER, SO I'LL GO WITH YOU ON THAT, BUT I'M NOT AROUND TO BELIEVE SOME ZOMBIE IS WORKING WITH THIS ... PRECARIOUS
HIS NAME'S PRETORIUS.
DON'T MATTER, THEY'RE KILLERS. GIVE ME A BIT TO RALLY UP SOME MEN AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
VERY WELL, INSPECTOR.


CRAAACK
WELL, THIS IS JUST DANDY.
I HAVE AN INJURED MAN, HOLMES, I MUST SEE TO THAT AND THIS BROKEN MARIA.
TIME IS PRECIOUS, INSPECTOR. WE MUST CARRY ON!
I'M SORRY, BUT WE MUST KEEP GOING! YOU DO WHAT YOU MUST. WE'LL BE AT PRETORIUS'S CASTLE.
OFFICER WILLIAMS, YOU TAKE THE HORSE AND FETCH US SOME AID. I'LL STAY WITH JONES TILL YOU RETURN. WHEN YOU GET BACK WE'LL MEET UP WITH HOLMES AT THE CASTLE.


THIS WAY, HOLMES!
YES, SHE'S ALIVE! SHE'S ALIVE!
READY, WATSON?
WHEREVER YOU GO, HOLMES, I FOLLOW!
CREATURES!! KILL THEM!!
ANOTHER STEP AND WE WILL SHOOT!
PRETORIUS, CALL THEM OFF!
ATTACK!!


IT'S OVER, PRETORIUS! SCOTLAND YARD IS ON THEIR WAY!
IT'S ONLY JUST BEGINNING!
HOLMES! HE-HELP!
BANG BANG BANG


MY BRIDE!
MY CREATURE!!
YOUR... CREATURE?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE YOU VILE INSECTS, STOP THE SLEUTH AND THE DOCTOR!
BRING ME THEIR BRAINS!
I'LL USE IT TO CREATE SOMETHING TRULY REMARKABLE!
PRETORIUS HAS SHOWN HIS COLOURS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY AREN'T TOO THRILLED BY THEM.
WHAT'S GOING ON, HOLMES?

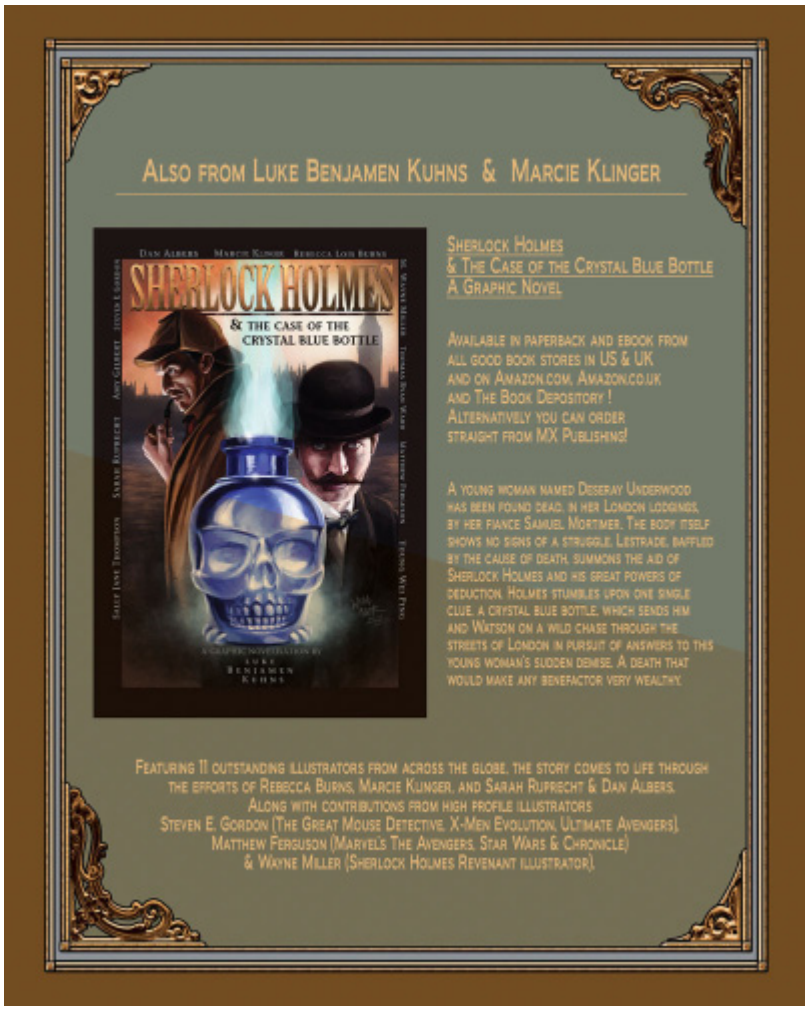

WE ARE NOT INSECTS. WE ARE THE ADAM AND EVE OF YOUR LABOURS!
I AM YOUR GOD!
...AND YOU WILL OBEY ME!
LIFE ...
DOESN'T COME ...
FROM THE DEAD
DEATH ...
LOCK
... TO ALL WE KNOW
YOU ARE BUT FALLEN ANGELS! DAEMONS!
I NEED YOU NOT!


YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME BURIED IN THE ICE.
I WANTED TO GIVE YOU LIFE, GIVE YOU EVERYTHING THAT FRANKENSTEIN FAILED TO GIVE.
YOU WANT POWER.
YOU WANT... TO BE A GOD.
GET US OUT OF HERE AND YOU CAN GO FREE! YOU CAN FORGET ME AND I'LL FORGET YOU!
WE ARE CREATURES BORN OUT OF DEATH AND DEATH IS ALL THAT COMES FROM US!
BAM


CRACK
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, WATSON!
I AGREE!
CREAK
AND SO ENDS THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN


I'M NOT SURE WHERE TO BEGIN IN CATALOGING THESE EVENTS, HOLMES.
PERHAPS, WATSON, THERE IS NO NEED TO ATTEMPT SUCH AN UNDERTAKING.
THE TALE WILL BE TOO EXTREME FOR THE PUBLIC TO HANDLE. THEY WILL ASSUME YOU'VE DRIFTED INTO FANTASY INSTEAD OF RE-TELLING ACCURATE EVENTS.
PERHAPS YOU ARE CORRECT. INSPECTOR BRADSTREET EVEN REFUSED TO BELIEVE OUR ENTIRE TALE.
BRADSTREET IS QUITE THE FOOL TO BELIEVE THAT I COULD BE TRICKED BY PEOPLE DRESSED IN THEATRE COSTUMES!
BUT HIS REACTION, I BELIEVE, IS ONLY A REFLECTION OF WHAT THE WIDER PUBLIC'S WOULD BE.
I SUPPOSE THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN.
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TAKEN?
NORTH...
THE END

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